King What said our cousin when you parted with him?
Aum. Farewel, & for my hart disdained that my tongue
Should so prophane the word that taught me craft,
To counterfaite oppression of such griefe,
That words seemd buried in my sorrowes grauc:
Marry would the word Farewel haue lengthned howers,
And added yeares to his short banishment,
He should haue had a volume of farewels:
But since it would not, he had none of me.
King. He is our Cosens Cosin, but tis doubt,
When time shall call him home from banishment,
Whether our kinsman come to see his friends.
Our selfe and Bushie,
Obserued his courtship to the common people,
How he did seeme to dive into their harts,
With humble and familiar courtesie,
What reuerence he did throw away on slaues,
Wooing poore craftsmen with the craft of smiles,
And patient vnder-bearing of his fortune,
As twere to banish their affects with him,
Off goes his Bonnet to an oysterwench,
A brace of draimen bid, God speed him wel,
And had the tribute of his supple knee,
With thankes my countreymen my louing friendes,
As were our England in reuersion his,
And he our subiects next degree in hope.
Greene. Wel, he is gone, and with him go these thoughts.
Now for the rebels which stand out in Ireland,
Expedient mannage must be made my liege,
Ere further leysure yeeld them further meanes,
For their aduantage and your highnes losse.
King. VVe will our selfe in person to this warre,
And for our coffers with too great a court,
And liberall larges are growen some what light,
VVe are inforst to farm our royall Realme,
The reuenew whereof shall furnish vs,
For our affaires in hand if that come short,

Our substitutes at hom
Whereto, when they s
They shal subscribe the
And send them after to
For we will make for Ir

Enter Bushie

Bush. Olde Iohn of G
Sodainely taken, and ha
To intreate your Maie
King Where lies he?
Bush. At Ely house.
King Now put it (G
To help him to his grat
The lining of his coffer
To decke our souldiers
Come gentlemen, lets a
Pray God we may make

Amen

Enter Iohn of Gaun

Gaunt. Wil the King
In holsome counsell to h
Yorke Vex not your
For all in vaine comes c
Gaunt. Oh but they
Inforce attention like d
Where words are scarce
For they breathe truth
He that no more must s
Than they whom youth
More are mens ends ma
The setting Sunne, and
As the last taste of swee
Writ in remembrance m
Though Richard my liu
My deaths sad tale may
Yorke No, it is stopt